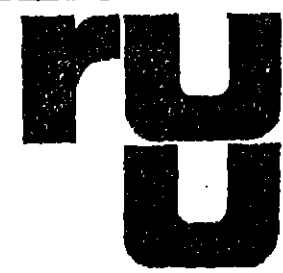


PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

RIJKSUNIVERSITEIT UTRECHT
THE NETHERLANDS

In the Department of History (of the Faculty of Art) there is a vacancy for the position of

PROFESSOR (MALE/FEMALE) OF HISTORY OF
COLONIALISM AND DECOLONIZATION

In particular with reference to the Netherlands and its former colonies.

Priority will be given to applicants holding Ph.D. degrees, who have the following qualifications and abilities: they should be

1. a specialist in Dutch colonial history of the countries involved, in order to lead and promote research in this field;
2. a good lecturer, able to satisfy and encourage the students' interest;
3. willing and able to head a small section within the Department of History;
4. prepared to hold a possible position on the Faculty Board, together with the above mentioned educational tasks.

Applicants without knowledge of the Dutch language, must be prepared to learn to speak this language within two years.

The total monthly salary will vary, from a minimum of Nfl.8,883 to a maximum of Nfl.8,712, (Civil Service scale 152).

Applications containing full curriculum vitae and list of publications should be sent within 4 weeks after the publication date of this announcement to the President of the Committee for Appointments:

Prof. Dr. H. W. van der Dunk, Institute voor Geschiedenis, Padualaan 14, 3508 TS UTRECHT The Netherlands.

Professor van der Dunk will gladly give additional information. Persons willing to point out possible candidates should also feel free to contact him.

THE UNIVERSITY OF
MANCHESTER

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

SENIOR LECTURER IN GALLERY
AND MUSEUMS. The responsible
position will be responsible
for the gallery and museum
collections within the Department
of History. The postholder
will be responsible for the
display and care of the
collections and for the
education of the public.
The postholder should have
a good knowledge of the
collections and a good
knowledge of the public.
The postholder should have
a good knowledge of the
collections and a good
knowledge of the public.
The postholder should have
a good knowledge of the
collections and a good
knowledge of the public.

Salary range £10,145-
£12,000 p.a. Applications
should be sent to the
Department of History,
The University of
Manchester, Oxford Road,
Manchester M13 9PL. Quote reference
104/80/TLS.

BOOKS & PRINTS

ANY American books, new or
old, in any quantity, at
discount prices. Write to:
J. H. B. Books, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

ALL Greek books and on Greek
history and culture. Write to:
J. H. B. Books, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

ALL Greek books and on Greek
history and culture. Write to:
J. H. B. Books, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 4

commentary

The timeliness of Brecht...

By Raymond Ockenden

The Life of Galileo
Olivier Theatre

Howard Brenton's new translation of *Leben des Galileo* has a short, challenging introduction in which we are warned of "loose talk" now current about Brecht's "Humanism". The translator reminds us that Brecht was "a Communist and a Communist writer". But is *The Life of Galileo* a Communist play? Like all Brecht's plays of exile, it attacks the contradictions of human systems, whether feudal or capitalist; it does not lay down alternatives. Less controversial is Brenton's view that it is "a desperately timely play" for its message has indeed remained pertinent: it indicates the dangers of science pursued for its own sake and divorced from humanity, the threat of scientific discoveries applied by the few for political ends, rather than to the welfare of the many.

Brenton's version (published by Eyre Methuen at £2.25, 88pp, 0 413 47140 3) certainly does not bring out the Communist Brecht, although at a couple of points it alters or adds to the original text to make a political point clear. But it is clearly aiming at timeliness in its vivid and mostly contemporary diction. There are drawbacks in this style, for all its vigour, Galileo's occasional loss of his own voice is evident. Even if it is a "pig ignorant monks" and Roman scholars descend to "pissed", "bum" and "prat" where Brecht uses much less striking words. The effect can become shrill, too: Brecht's "don't talk to me about..." can perhaps be stretched to "don't give me that crap", but there is less justification for turning "cowardly people" into "withered tight-arsed lot", and why expand the single word "impossible" into "right up the creek, impossible and more on"? The view, sometimes expressed, that Brecht was not interested in conventional characterization is refuted by the care he takes to distinguish characters through their speech; this is sacrificed if the diction is levelled out.

To what extent is the Brenton version an improvement on Desmond Vesey's 1960 translation? Vesey stays close to the German, often awkwardly preserving syntax and word-order, whereas Brenton's version breaks up long periods into short and pointed sentences. As a playwright, he generally brings a sense of the stage to his translation. Vesey's scene headings, for example, to the late hour. Please, we must talk privately, where Vesey is more pedantic, but keeps the man's dignity: "I should be obliged if I could speak to you alone." But Brenton can be over-aggressive, and sometimes his abbreviation of the original goes too far.

There is evidence that, sensibly enough, he consulted Vesey's ver-

sion. The stage-directions are close to Vesey throughout, as are many of the rhymes in the songs which open each scene. And, while Brenton is sometimes more accurate as well as more fluent, he perpetuates and intensifies several errors. Vesey's wrong rendering of "poor child" as "deplorable child", for example, is merely reinforced by Brenton's "deplorable brat". And not all such misreadings are insignificant. When the Inquisitor warns the Pope that the new spirit of doubt may adversely affect church collections ("Kollekte"), Vesey's "Collets" are altered by Brenton to "Gospels", and a crucial economic point remains lost. When Galileo, now a frightened man, warns an outspoken Venetian that his voice is carrying, Vesey's mistranslation "Your opinion carries weight" is only modified by Brenton to "Your voice carries weight"—an error which robs the scene of an element of menace.

Epigrammatic formulations are always hard to translate. When the lady-in-waiting says of the telescope literally "They say you can see all the wheels of Charles's Wain through the contraption", Vesey's attempt is conscientious if laboured: "One is said to be able to see every hair on the Great Bear through this instrument". Brenton again follows Vesey: "They say you can see the hair on the bear's chest through the telescope"; and the astronomical reference (and hence Brecht's joke at the court's famous ignorance) is obscured. Again, Brenton is irritatingly careless in his rendering of a famous comment on Galileo: "He can't say no to a new wine or a new thought"—it is old wine that he likes. And there are several misprints and some odd spellings (Pulomys, Discours). In the published version, he writes three for two (page 73) and *Clavicus* for *Fabricius* (page 61), and gives one speech to the wrong character (page 35).

Some features of a foreign text, particularly some of the puns in this play, cannot survive translation. But some features of craftsmanship demand attention. The argument of Brecht's play is supported by a complex tracery of related themes and images: not academic deadweight or aesthetic arabesques, but calculated techniques for enhancing meaning and ensuring continuity. The German words for "move" (ment) and "set sail" are translated differently according to the phrases they occur in, two central leitmotifs of the play disappear.

When Brenton casually cuts "wood-merchants" down to "merchants", he loses a cross-reference; by building in "mother-of-pearl" instead of "mother-of-pearl", he loses a pun; and by replacing Vesey's "narcotic" with the more "narcotic", he is frustrating a link with the oyster-image of an earlier scene which is more telling than the vague Marxian reminiscence.

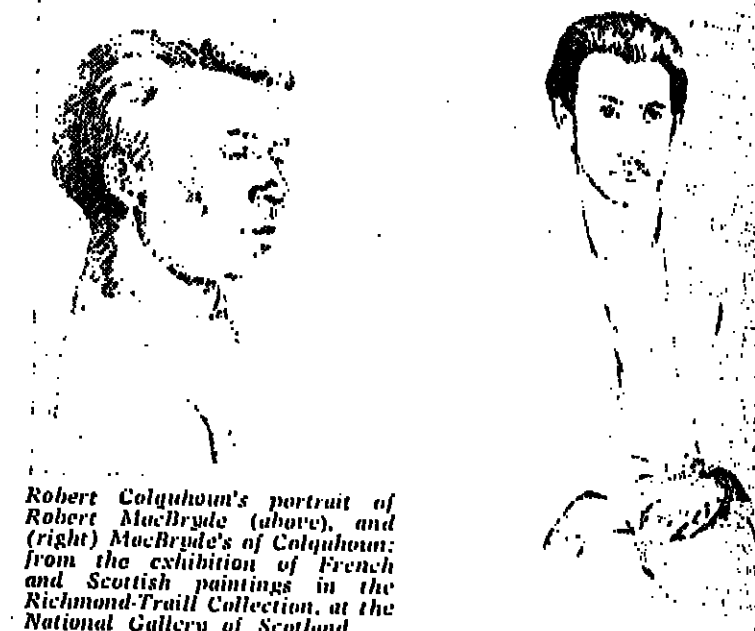
John Dexter's current production at the Olivier, with its spare and rather static stage action, gives Brenton's text plenty of room. Such

a treatment demands vigour and intensity within the acting itself, however, and this is often lacking. Michael Gambon as Galileo ensures excitement, but only Nicholas Schy, an excellent Sagredo, and Simon Callow's Fulganzio support him. Too many of the actors seem fussy and doddery beyond the call of the text, and hampered by quivering false beards and inconsistent regional accents.

Jocelyn Herbert's open sets show an awareness of Brecht's theories—perhaps too much so. The sense of space they create would be admirable for a piece of open theatre like *Mother Courage*, but *The Life of Galileo* is above all a play of interiors—there is even evidence to suggest that Brecht wrote it with a conventional proscenium stage in mind. Galileo is shut in; the walls, in the end, defeat him. To suggest a figure surrounded by stellar space is to be over-optimistic about Brecht's message, and to overlook the wryness of the ending. What is boundless in the play is Galileo's thirst for knowledge: the potential of the human mind seeking to overcome arbitrarily imposed limits.

Gambon's dominating performance is mixed and, in the later scenes, moving. Earlier, the contradictions in the character are sufficiently pointed and Gambon makes him too likeable for too long. Brecht effected a radical change in the play when, both before and after Hiroshima, the rewrite his 1938-39 version. The result is no longer to be commended for slyly evading a conflict with authority in order to continue his work. Rather, he is to be condemned for handing that work over to authority: Andrea's securing of the Discorsi in the gloom. And the play fails if we have to wait for Galileo's self-condemnation before we see his negative side. From the moment when he takes on an aristocratic pupil and cancels Andrea's free tutoring, Galileo keeps making wrong decisions, keeps repeating what the better part of him knows. This needs to be brought out.

Just as we have to move beyond pitying Mother Courage, so we have to see her as a villain, in order to pass beyond that judgment and ask why she is faced with the deadly choice she always gets wrong; so we must see Galileo as a villain from the start in order to ask why he is forced to choose between her and his conscience. Must there be a conflict between good living and the pursuit of science? Clearly not: the dilemma is artificially imposed on the character by social order and the authorities. In fact, the prelates and aristocrats are happy for Galileo to carry on his researches; the real conflict is over teaching and publication, the scientific findings and application of them. And indeed, Brecht is asking Communist questions in a subtle, indirect and, in this play, particularly Humanist way; and they have wide relevance.



Robert Colquhoun's portrait of Robert Macbride (above), and (right) Macbride's of Colquhoun: from the exhibition of French and Scottish paintings in the Richmond-Trail Collection, at the National Gallery of Scotland.

Playing with pastoral

By Hermione Lee

Acis and Galatea
Riverside Studios, Hammer Smith

"Why didn't the old chap write more of that sort of thing?" said Hobs of *Acis and Galatea*. If the old chap had, instead of pursuing Italian opera seria (and, later, English oratorio), eighteenth-century English opera might have been very different. As it is, Handel's and John Gay's *Acis* is a marvellous exception, to be set with Gluck's *Orpheus*, or Purcell's *Dido*, or Monteverdi's *Poppea*, a perfect chamber opera, a perfect lucky coincidence of people, time and place. Italian opera was fast gaining a grip, but from 1715 to 1718 a few English mariners went on to Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn, in 1717 Handel started working for the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, in Middlesex (Italianate palace). After the affectionate pastoral parody of "The Shepherd's Week", John Gay (whom Handel would have known, with Pope, as one of the Burlington circle) had not yet moved on to his long Italian opera, the *Italian*. *Acis* would be written in 1727. Handel must have set Gay's libretto in 1718, and it was then privately performed at Cannons.

Ever since that first performance (of which there's no record, though it must have used a very small orchestra, and the soloists would have sung the chorus parts) *Acis* has been a popular oddity. Opera Factory's production seen at the Riverside Studios early in August takes some bizarre liberties, but that's part of a tradition (twitely chronicled by Winton Dean in his book on Handel). Handel later altered it himself, after Thomas Arne (the composer's father) had pirated it in 1731; the new version included extra characters and bits from his earlier (quite different) Italian serenade "Acis, Galatea and Polifemo", and was mounted with elaborate pastoral "Decorations" but no action.

After its eighteenth-century popularity, a revival in 1825 shared the bill with a danced version of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. An 1831 production at the Tottenham Court Road Theatre gave Galatea a mother called Doris, and brought in a new character, the sea god Triton. Macready, in 1842, added an opening scene from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, with nymphs leaping about a statue of Pan, a gang of assistant Cyclopes, and tritons playing throughout the overture. More subdued modern productions have presented it as an oratorio, or with knobby-kneed amateurs standing about in short white skirts. The possible range of styles is indicated by the range of definitions: Gay called it "an English pastoral opera", but it could also be a "serenata" or a "Masque".

The Opera Factory believes in interpretative freedom, and has combined all sorts of styles, from frenzied naturalism to white lab and ritual gestures suggestive of *Le Cid* and *Le Cid*. Galatea's face over *Acis* looks suddenly like *Acis*. Mum's "The Serenata" is "harmless, merry, free and gay" and, like the shepherd's of *Acis*, is a little more than a charming tune. "Love in her eyes was played, not with a trembling glance, but with a charming smile." "What charms I see" is sung as if less into the crutch of a song, and largely naked Galatea's Polyphemus (though a stoke of a drunken Panteropus, much like the lucky coincidence of people, time and place, Italian opera was fast gaining a grip, but from 1715 to 1718 a few English mariners went on to Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn, in 1717 Handel started working for the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, in Middlesex (Italianate palace). After the affectionate pastoral parody of "The Shepherd's Week", John Gay (whom Handel would have known, with Pope, as one of the Burlington circle) had not yet moved on to his long Italian opera, the *Italian*. *Acis* would be written in 1727. Handel must have set Gay's libretto in 1718, and it was then privately performed at Cannons.

But an injustice had been done, particularly to Gay. The libretto of *Acis* maintains a special balance between an idealized style (a Pope's youthful version of *Acis and Galatea*) and the very special but effective terminology which Jones laboured into printed prose (as in the Preface to *The Anathemata*, given almost in full by Matthias), or more strikingly between a boldness and the dispassionate delicacy of his loveliest pictures, is piquant.

And as the days and weeks passed this analogy I would say increased, but because it was not there was a good deal else to think on. I did go to Bethlehem, which is, or then was, very beautiful.

The contrast between Bethlehem ("very beautiful") and the squad of British soldiers ("... the shirts of the soldiers were the same, equally bronzed legs... the left side... each right fist...") can leave us in little doubt which spectacle had registered on Jones more compellingly. And now that hardly any veterans of the Western Front survive, what is one to say to the not excessively tender-minded reader who should protest indignantly that he doesn't know which alarms him more—the insult or the militarism? All one can tell him surely is to read *In Parenthesis*.

Or rather, since after more than forty years Jones's procedures in that book are still caviar to the general (not that there's much excuse for that), the new reader should start with the three extended and excellently chosen passages in John Matthias's selection—Part 3 and excerpts from Parts 4 and 7. If after reading the last of these in particular he does not understand the quality of Jones's loyalty to the infantryman who died beside him in Mametz Wood in 1916, and his admiration for the real and time-honoured culture which bound them together in the trenches, the reader can only be abandoned to an arid future among "isms"—colonialism, nationalism, militarism. *In Parenthesis* is more moving, at once harrowing and laughing, on each new

RENE HAGUE (Editor):
Dul Greatcoat
A Self-Portrait of David Jones in his Letters
273pp. Faber and Faber. £12.50.
0 571 11540 3

JOHN MATTHIAS (Editor):
Introducing David Jones
A Selection of his Writings
237pp. Faber and Faber. £8.50.
0 571 11526 8

In 1934 David Jones, suffering from his first "nervous breakdown", was carried off on a sea-voyage to Egypt by his friend Tom Burns. The cure worked; even the cautiously hypocritical Jones would admit later that the trip "had done me a great deal of good", though (he was in a hurry to say) he was "still not up to much". From Cairo Jones went by air to Lydda and by car to Jerusalem, where his old friend and mentor, Eric Gill, was at work on commissioned sculptures. Gill "was greatly annoyed that David should stay indoors reading *Barchester Towers*". More than thirty years later, in a letter to Saunders Lewis, Jones agreed that he hardly moved out of the Holy City, but used to watch from my window which faced south... In the same letter this famous poet of Roman Christendom confessed, "I should never have gone to Palestine off my own bat, for I hate what our American friends call 'going places'". More to the point than the dated and nervous reference to "our American friends" is what Jones did vividly recall from that Jerusalem visit.

But occasionally I saw either from my window or in meeching around, a squad of these figures that seen singly evoked comparisons of twenty years back, in the Nord or the Pus de Calais or the Somme. But now in their full parade rig, the light khaki drill shirts, the broad armbands, from above the elbow, the wrist and pale khaki shorts (leaving the equally bronzed legs bare from above the knee to the brief ankle socks, the feet in heavy putty-soled hob-nailed boots, but above all the helmet, the helmet to cover the left side and in each right fist the half-grip of a stout baton, evoked not the familiar things of less than two decades back, but rather of two millennia close on, and the ring of the hob-nailed boots, and the same time sets and the sharp commands, so they were a section from the Antonia, up for duties in Hierosolyma after all.

And as the days and weeks passed this analogy I would say increased, but because it was not there was a good deal else to think on. I did go to Bethlehem, which is, or then was, very beautiful.

Behind a Haycock loudly laughing, I shily ran, and snatched a last look at her. She wip'd her Lips, nor w'd a much at all.

What Handel responded to was a decorous, simple tone which could strong emotions, within so elegant use of form. So when *Acis* says "Where shall I seek the charming fair? Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains", it's absurd to him to be blinded and frantic. He is to make Polyphemus, too, to make Polyphemus into a squid-like figure in another world, and to make the work with intimations of fear and horror from the very start. Handel and Gay subtly negotiated the transition from idyll to grief through a lucid, half-comic, half-tragic giant, who is constrained by the pastoral scene (kiddies and cherries) while threatening it.

David Freeman, also the director, sang Polyphemus grandly; the archaistic playing was fine, and was extraordinary to see a chorus equally good at singing and mouthing. Whatever my qualms, I was not bored: perhaps *Acis* and *Galatea* is indestructible after all. An exhibition of the work of Robert Penrose, to be reviewed in a future issue of the TLS, opens tomorrow (until September 28) at the ICA, The Mall, London, SW1.

A grandeur of insularity

By Donald Davie

reading; and the mystery of it—in particular the welding together of astonishingly vivid recollection with during but never irresponsible invention—is each time more impressive. (We are not called on to decide whether it is or is not a poem; it is at any rate a magnificent feat of language.)

Thus all we need is a modicum of historical imagination to distinguish Jones's arduous about British soldiers in Jerusalem from something like Max Beerbohm's living forty-five years in Italy without learning Italian. ("One may be amused," said W. H. Auden, "but not very.")

Still, without that set of imagination there may seem to be common ground, as also between either of these cases and Union Jacks painted on the faces of football players in Turin who have to be dispersed by tear-gas when England's opponents score an equalizing goal. And that is something so very ugly that Jones must be cleared of any association with it, though more particularly because he told Saunders Lewis that from this unsought-for visit to the Holy Land he derived not only *The Anathemata* but also the best part of "The Tribune's Visitation" and "The Cretan's Selection" (both in John Matthias's selection) and such other late pieces as "The Wall", "The Fatigue" and "The Dream of Private Clitus". All of these have as much in common with *In Parenthesis* as with *The Anathemata* (though not nationalism) is unashamedly the burden of all of them, in a way not lessened but in fact intensified by the identification of British soldiers with Roman legionaries.

There is a special reason why this must be insisted on, because in all or most of these pieces he has to choose between English (being conversant with it) and Welsh (which he admitted frankly, with neither of these foreign languages, nor with any other), David Jones has been marshalled into the ranks of an illegitimate cosmopolitan or "internationalist" (as he called it) in his writing, supposedly to add with a "native" or insular tradition—whereas it makes more sense to say that on the contrary he was insular to a degree unequalled in his own generation or since. Indeed his insularity is an extreme, so liberal (*insula*—"this island", as he says many times), and adhered to so passionately, that it takes on an authentic grandeur. It was at all events quite unforced and unaffected, and reached through into his epistolary vocabulary, which is, I suppose we must think, always the vocabulary of the regimental lines: "I can't work: it's a fair sod: the whole thing's a monumental bollox, a first-class buggery." The conventional and the very special but effective terminology which Jones laboured into printed prose (as in the Preface to *The Anathemata*, given almost in full by Matthias), or more strikingly between a boldness and the dispassionate delicacy of his loveliest pictures, is piquant.

And this piquancy is everywhere in René Hague's affectionate and exceptionally honest memoir. With such friends, who needs enemies? No, the overworked "catch-phrases" don't fit. For precisely by seeing and saying in advance what the unsympathetic reader might come to say on his own (for instance, "it would be unkind to say that he was lazy and spoilt—let us say, 'constructively inactive' and 'joyfully served'"), René Hague persuades us, as a more circumspect biographer couldn't, that his subject was genuine original.

The question that arises, which is not unanswerably, is whether the unsolicited assistance that he and Tom Burns gave to this original wasn't such as to push him into ever more damaging and constricting idiosyncrasy. To raise that question would be to open up a vast and long overdue enquiry into patronage of the arts and of artists, and into that persisting sub-Romantic image of the artist himself, which has been honoured in the trenches, the reader can only be abandoned to an arid future among "isms"—colonialism, nationalism, militarism. *In Parenthesis* is more moving, at once harrowing and laughing, on each new

would have been a better artist, at all events a better writer, if his self-denying patrons had not exerted themselves so consistently to cushion him from the economic and ideological realities of the world he was living in.

Jones himself, unlike many artists of equal or greater stature, did have no worse for being home-made. Indeed, in the perspective of millennia to which his imagination had habituated itself by 1940, Jones's ideology or "philosophy of history" is bleakly impressive, even persuasive; and one fears that in certain classrooms up and down the English-speaking world students as well as teachers are deciphering *The Anathemata* so as to carry away from it, as its "real meaning", Jones's philosophy. But as in so many similar cases, romping up and down the millennia did not yield any or much understanding of what was happening year by year; and even René Hague is constrained to withhold some of the documents that show how widely Jones's understanding of 1938 and 1939 diverged from what currently received wisdom holds to be the truth about those years.

If we do not read *The Anathemata* for its message, what can we say of it? The thing that is seldom or never said is that, in its brutally capriciousness. Did any one ever want to read aloud any page of it? Because Jones has been misread as an "internationalist" (at one time *The Anathemata* was thought to be like Pound's *Cantos*, which Jones had never read), some have been led to compare his style with Basil Bunting. And indeed Bunting and Jones have something in common: outside of their writing both seem to have trusted demonic English to say things that it is not capable of saying with any nicety. But neither else may be wrong with Bunting's metric, his ear has always been true; and those who hear his verse as cacophonous are doubtless, as he has always maintained, hearing his Northumbrian English with a Southern ear. Nothing like this can be claimed for Jones, who was a Home Counties boy, and whose experiments in Cockney or Anglo-Welsh were to be understood as divergences from that norm.

Reading *The Anathemata* in that way, one has to say that its cadences are at best uninteresting, at their frequent worst (usually with interjections of Latin and Welsh) they are jaw-breaking. Nothing is more instructive in this respect than 1945 report to Harman Grisewood on a dinner with W. F. Jackson Knight:

These chaps are awfully interested in the metre thing, aren't they?—and on what you contrive with vowels and consonants and all that (things you don't know us—Juroli, single and double exclamation marks—in effect concede his inability to direct intonation and tone by any more refined means. John Matthias in his introduction, gives from "The Wall" an example of what he calls "embroidery of sound"; and certainly in the lines he quotes there is some contriving of "vowels and consonants and all that". But even here the syntax, so invaluable in aid to melody in the hands of a master, is simply and monotonously that of the rhetorical question, which Jones in general falls back upon very often.

It is the more refreshing to turn, among the late pieces, to "The Tutor of the Place", where the speaker no longer exclaims and nudges but is declarative, enunciative. Jones once again speaks with unforced authority—with the authority of the seer, where he spoke *In Parenthesis* with the authority of the survivor, the "one who was there". Perhaps because of this, and of the more driving declarative syntax which it makes possible (the piece itself speaks of those "who seek hidden grammar to give back anathema its first benignity"), *The Tutor of the Place*, like *In Parenthesis*, is revealing to read aloud. And it announces at the very start, with great conviction, Jones's central theme: insularity.

Tellus of the myriad names answers to but one name: From this tump the answers Jac of the Tump only he call Great-Jill-of-the-tump-ant-bar-me, not if he crys out to the tump, but of far gantes over the fud, fer-goddes name from anaphora of far folk wont woe her; she's a rare one for locality. If on the one hand this is the voice of an insular sensibility that preferred Llangelli to Dante, on the other hand the insularity, recognizing Church-Latin and Brythonic Welsh as tongues of the *insula* along with middle-English, is more notable for what it discountenances: invites in than for what it discounts. It shuts out.

Never mind what it means: what does it sound like? Surely it sounds like bedlam. Cantor Notus and Favonius with a note just as high as numina—"to incorporate a line like that in a meaningful melodic progression is not impossible, but would require an exceptionally well-schooled and sensitive ear. What Jones does with it, or fails to do, seems to have not just a slight, but a harsh thing to suggest; but it's at least possible that David Jones

Oxford University Press

Goodbye Gutenberg

The Newspaper Revolution of the 1980s
Anthony Smith

Not since the invention of moveable type has there been an innovation with so great a potential to revolutionize communications as computerization. In less than a decade, it has turned an ailing newspaper industry in the USA into a thriving one. Anthony Smith argues that new electronic and print technology may alter the very quantity, nature, and texture of information. While the focus of the book is on the USA, examples are also drawn from Britain, Western Europe, and Japan. £8.50

A Book of Honey

Eva Crane

This book begins with a description of the instinctive behaviour of bees in locating nectar-carrying flowers, and of the composition and properties of honey. The author discusses the uses of honey in the home, tells the story of honey from prehistoric times to the present, and describes how bees have figured in the minds of men as magical or sacred creatures. Illustrated £8.95 Oxford Paperbacks £3.50

Doubt and Religious Commitment

The Role of the Will in Newman's Thought
M. Jamie Ferreira

This book examines the tension which Newman felt between the adherence of devotion and the adherence compatible with reason which may include doubt. Such an examination has enabled the author to tackle the whole problem of the place of doubt in religious commitment, as well as its implications for the problem of the "will to believe". £9.50

Psychological Models and Neural Mechanisms

Austen Clark

How are psychological states related to the neural mechanisms "underlying" them? Will increasing knowledge of the physiological bases of behaviour invalidate and replace our current explanations of human action? In answering these and other questions, this book offers a systematic account of the reduction of psychological models to neural mechanisms. £11.50 Clarendon Library of Logic and Philosophy

Budgetary Reform in the U.K.

Report of a committee chaired by Lord Armstrong

Britain's budget is not a budget as every household understands it—the matching of revenues with expenditures. This important report, from a committee commissioned by the Institute for Fiscal Studies, chaired by a former Head of the Civil Service, and including leading experts in the field, argues for radical change in procedure. £3

